

# THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 14, 1809.

[NO. 48

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,  
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,  
We hither bring.

## Character

### OF A MIGHTY GOOD SORT OF WOMAN.

I suppose the female part of my readers are very impatient to see the character of a mighty good sort of woman; and doubtless every mighty good kind of man is anxious to know what sort of a wife I have picked out for him.

The mighty good sort of woman is civil without goodnature, friendly without affection, and devout without religion. She wishes to be thought every thing she is not, and would have others looked upon to be every thing she really is. If you will take her word, she detests scandal from her heart; yet, if a young lady happens to be talked of as being too gay, with a significant shrug of her shoulders, and shake of her head she confesses, "It is too true, and the whole town says 'the same thing.'" She is the most compassionate creature living, and is ever *pit*ying one person, and *sor*ry for another. She is a great dealer in *b*uts, and *i*fs, and half sentences, and does more mischief with a *may be*, and *I'll say no more*, than she could do by speaking out. She confirms the truth of any story more by her fears and doubts, than if she had given proof positive; though she always concludes with a "Let us hope otherwise."

One principal business of a mighty good sort of a woman is the regulation of families; and she extends a visitatorial power over all her acquaintance. She is the umpire in all differences between man and wife which she is sure to foment and increase by pretending to settle them; and her great impartiality and regard for both leads her always to side with one against the other. She has a most penetrating and discerning eye into the faults of the family, and takes care to pry into all their secrets, that she may reveal them. If a man happens to stay out

too late in the evening, she is sure to rate him handsomely the next time she sees him and takes special care to tell him, in the hearing of his wife, what a bad husband he is: or if the lady goes to Ranelagh, or is engaged in a party at cards she will keep the poor husband company, that he might not be dull, and entertains him all the while with the imperfections of his wife. She has also the entire disposal of the children in her own hands, and can disinherit them, provide for them, marry them or confine them, to a state of celibacy, just as she pleases: she fixes the lad's pocket-money at school and allowance at the university; and has sent many an untoward boy to sea for education. But the young ladies are more immediately under her eye, and, in the grand point of matrimony, the choice or refusal depends solely upon her. One gentleman is too young, another too old, one will run out his fortune, another has too little; one is a professed rake, another a sly sinner; and she frequently tells the girl, "'Tis time enough to marry yet," till at last there is nobody will have her. But the most favorite occupation of a mighty good sort of woman is, the super-intendance of the servants: she protests, there is not a good one to be got; the men are idle and thieves, and the maids are sluts, and good-for-nothing hussies. In her own family she takes care to separate the men from the maids, at night, by the whole height of the house; these are lodged in the garret, while John takes up his roosting-place in the kitchen, or is stuffed into the turn-up seat in the passage, close in the street-door.—She rises at five in the summer, and at day-light in the winter, to detect them in giving away broken victuals, coals, candles, &c. and her own footman is employed the whole morning in carrying letters of information to the masters and mistresses, wherever she sees, or rather imagines, this to be practised. She has caused many a man-servant to lose his place for romping the kitchen; and many a maid has been turned

away, upon her account, for *dress*ing at the men, as she calls it, looking out at the window, or standing at the street-door in a summer's evening. I am acquainted with three maiden-sisters, all mighty good sort of women, who, to prevent any ill consequences, will not keep a footman at all; and it is at the risk of their place, that the maids have any *comers after them*, nor will, on any account, a brother, or a male cousin, be suffered to visit them.

A distinguishing mark of a mighty good sort of woman is, her extraordinary pretensions to religion; she never misses church twice a day, in order to take note of those who are absent; and she is always lamenting the decay of piety in these days. With some of them, the good Dr. Whitefield, or the good Dr. Romaine, is ever in their mouths: and they look upon the whole bench of bishops to be very Jews in comparison of these saints. The mighty good sort of woman is also very charitable in outward appearance; for, though she would not relieve a family in the utmost distress, she deals out her halfpence to every common beggar, particularly at the church door; and she is eternally soliciting other people to contribute to this or that public charity, though she herself will not give six pence to any one of them. An universal benevolence is another characteristic of a mighty good sort of woman, which renders her (as strange as it may seem) of a most unforgiving temper. Heaven knows, she bears nobody any ill-will: but if a tradesman has disobliged her, the honestest man in all the world becomes the most arrant rogue; and she cannot rest till she has persuaded all her acquaintance to turn him off as well as herself. Every one is with her "The best creature in the universe," while they are intimate; but upon any slight difference—Oh—"she was vastly mistaken in the persons;—she thought them good sort of bodies—but—she has done with them;—other people will find them out as well as herself:—that's all the harm she wishes them."



As the mighty good sort of women differ from each other, according to their age and situation in life, I shall endeavour to point out their several marks, by which we may distinguish them.—And first, for the most common character:—If she happens to be of that neutral sex, an old maid, you may find her out by her prim look, her formal gesture, and the see-saw motion of her head in conversation. Though a most rigid Protestant, her religion favours very much of the Roman Catholic, as she holds that almost every one must be damned except herself. But the heaven that runs mostly through her whole composition is a detestation of that odious creature, man, whom she affects to loath as much as some people do a rat or a toad; and this affectation she cloaks under a pretence of a love of God, at a time of life when it must be supposed, that she can love nobody or rather nobody loves her. If this mighty good sort of body is young and unmarried, besides the usual token, you may know her by her quarrelling with her brothers, thwarting her sisters, snapping her father, and over-ruling her mother, though it is ten to one she is the favorite of both. All her acquaintance cry her up as a mighty discreet kind of body; and as she affects an indifference for the men, though not a total antipathy, it is a wonder if the giddy girls, her sisters, are not married before her, which she would look upon as the greatest mortification that could happen to her. Among the mighty good sort of women in wedlock, we must not reckon the tame domestic animal, who thinks it her duty to take care of her house, and be obliging to her husband. On the contrary, she is negligent of home affairs and studies to recommend herself more abroad than in her own house. If she pays a regular round of visits, if she behaves decently at the card-table, if she is ready to come into any party of pleasure, if she pays no regard to her husband and puts her children out to nurse, she is not a good wife, or a good mother perhaps, but she is—a mighty good sort of woman.

As I disposed of the mighty good kind of man in marriage, it may be expected, that I should find out a proper match also for the mighty good sort of woman. To tell you my opinion then—if she is old, I would give her to a young rake, being the character she loves best at her heart:—or, if she is mighty young: mighty handsome, mighty rich, as well as a mighty good sort of woman, I will marry her myself, as I am unfortunately a batchelrr.

Your very humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

FROM THE NORFOLK REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following extract is so apposite to the fashionable circles of the present day, and so consonant with the sentiments and opinions of the usefully industrious and considerate part of society, that I cannot forbear to transcribe and communicate it for the benefit of the readers of your paper. When schoolboys we have unfeelingly written over and over the trite declaration, "*sincerity is a rarity*;" but sorrowful experience is now daily teaching its reality. Refined hypocrisy is become a succedaneum for old fashioned sincerity, and the exchanges of courtesy are palpably counterfeit.

We assume the title of *friends*; and, as an appendage, exercise the privilege of being merry at their expence! What a repugnance between profession and feeling, and what a diminution of enjoyment do we all sustain by the practice of dissimulation.

"The present age has refined us out of half our honest feelings, and a great part of our natural taste; and our pride seems to consist in tricking the worn out frame of science and genius, with such meretricious arts as serve to sophisticate the shattered relics of female beauty. It is pleasant to one who has not gone along with the stream to contemplate, aloof the ridiculous excesses to which the spirit of refinement is pushed in the little concerns of social life, as well as in the duties of morality and the objects of taste. In social life, by the habit it has introduced of falsifying our feelings, it has left to what is called the fashionable world, little more than an image, or rather mockery of the social affections; it has in a manner hollowed out the substance of our pleasures, and suffered nothing but the shell to remain; it has cheated us of our rank, under colour of advancing us; it has passed upon us a bauble instead of a diamond; in short, to finish this train of allusion, it has carried off our old coat with the purse in the pocket, and has given us a fine holiday suit in its place. For proofs of this, we have only to look into the present plan of fashionable intercourse; what ianity of compliments; what affectation of transport! what hollowness of profusion! what a waste of margin in every remark! what a length of straw to every grain of sense! what idle industry! what manœuvre without plan! mirth without meaning! play without point! pride without pretension! love without regard!

Friendship is so modulated and adjusted to the rules of etiquette, that it finds the card table, an ample medium for all its cordialities and emotions. Thus the tones of feeling and the energies of passion, the swell of humanity, and the ardours of affection, have subsided to the common surface of life, and settled into the smooth current of ordinary intercourse and every day topics of vulgar communication. Thus the very sinews of society are relaxed; and, in the progress of our debilitation, we may expect to see the time when those great actions which decorate our history, shall be without a name in our language, or place in our hearts.

FROM THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

*Account of a Dead Body, found under the porch of Christ Church, in Boston, in a high state of preservation.*

A CIRCUMSTANCE occurred a short time since, while the workmen were repairing Christ Church, in this town, and erecting some new tombs under it, that deserves to be recorded in the Anthology. The ground under the porch at the entrance of the church was directed to be dug up, this spot, having been given for the erection of two tombs. At the distance of six feet from the surface, a grave was discovered, in which was found a coffin of hard pitch pine, commonly called the Norway pine very little decayed, which on being opened, contained another of the same wood very handsomely made, and not at all injured; the lid of this being lifted showed a body wrapped in tarred sheets, that on being removed from the face, presented the countenance of a man

that appeared quite recently to have died; his face was fresh and florid as though just shaved; the flesh hard to the touch, and every appearance of a new corpse, from a short and not painful illness; two or three sprigs of myrtle or box, green as just cut from the stock, were also laying on the outside of the tarred sheets. Both coffins had on their lids, in brass nails, the letters I. T. and a grave stone, at the head of the grave, declared the person interred there, to be Mr. John Thomas of the island of Barbadoes, aged 45 years, who died 25th June, A. D. 1726, more than eighty-two years ago. The number of persons who came to see this curious fact, from the fineness of the preservation, and the manner of it, induced the wardens to direct the coffin to be closed again and buried, which it is, at the N. E. corner of the church. The soil under the porch was a yellow clay, mixed with small stones and some gravel. Whether the body had been partially embalmed previous to interment is not known; but the verdure of the sprigs of myrtle induces one to think it may be owing wholly to the exclusion of external air; yet his being of Barbadoes, and such care taken of the corpse, with a view perhaps to removal, would occasion one to imagine the intestines had been taken out, and herbs substituted. The fact is, however, as stated, and the curious may draw their own conclusions.

#### COOKE, THE CELEBRATED PLAYER.

*From Pyley's "Itinerant; or Memoirs of an Actor."*

Cooke is so well known as an actor, that my opinion can neither add to nor diminish his fame; were either in my power, panegyric would run through a dozen pages, and yet fall short of his merits. In some characters he is as much superior to any actor of the present day, as Garrick was to those of his time; where these can be dispensed with, he has no competitor. As a man in private life, he is the gentleman, the scholar, the friend, the life of every party, an enemy to scandal and detraction, and benevolent even to imprudence.

Such is Cooke in his sober moments; but when stimulated by the juice of the grape, he acts, in diametrical opposition to all this. No two men however different they may be, can be more at variance than Cooke sober and Cooke in a state of ebriety. At these times his interesting suavity of manners changes to brutal invective, and the feelings of his nearest and dearest friends are sacrificed. Such are the unfortunate propensities of this singular man; unfortunate, I say, because he seems incapable of avoiding them, although they have a tendency to ruin his health, injure his property, and destroy his social connection. No one can more regret these failings than he does in his hours of sanity, or make more handsome apologies; and if in the night he creates enemies, his conciliatory manners in the morning are sure to raise double the number of friends. Of this great actor many ludicrous anecdotes are related. I shall point out a few which came under my own observation.

One evening in Manchester, we were in a public bar, amongst a most promiscuous company, where Cooke was as usual the life of the party. Mirth and good humour prevailed till about ten o'clock, when I perceived a something lurking in his eye which foretold a storm. Anxious to get home before it burst forth, I pressed our depart-



ture under the plea of another engagement, but instead of having the desired effect it precipitated what I had foreseen. With a haughty ; supercilious look he said.

"I see what you are about, you hypocritical scoundrel ! You canting, methodistical thief ? Am I Cooke, to be controled by such a would be puritan as you ? I will teach you to dictate to a tragedian." Then pulling off his coat and holding his fist in a menacing attitude—"Come out (continued he) thou prince of deceivers ; though thou hast faith to remove mountains, thou shalt not remove—come out, I say !"—With much difficulty he was pacified and resumed his coat. There was a large fire in the bar, before which stood with his coat skirts under his arm, a pitiful imitation of BUCKISM, very deficient of cleanliness and custom. His face was grimy, and his neckcloth of the same tint, which nevertheless was rolled in various folds about his throat ; his hair was matted, and turned up, under a round greasy hat with a narrow brim, conceitedly placed on one side of the head, which nodded under it like a shaking mandarin. Thus equipped the filthy fop straddled before the fire which he completely monopolized. At length he caught the eye of our tragedian, who, in silent amazement, for the space of half a minute examined him from top to toe ! then turning to me, he burst into a loud laugh, and roared out "*Beau nasty, by—*" Perhaps intimidated by Cooke's former blustering, this insensible puppy took little notice ; but I knew he would not stop here, and indeed I thought the stranger for game. Cooke now rose from his seat, and taking up the skirts of his coat, in imitation of the other, turned his back to the fire. "*Warm work in the back settlements, Sir,*" said he. Then approaching still nearer, as if he had some secret to communicate, whispered, though loud enough for every person to hear.—

"Pray, sir, how is soap ?"—Soap ?"

"Yes, sir, soap ; I understand it is coming down."

"I am glad of it, sir."

"Indeed sir, you have cause, if any one may judge from your appearance."

Here was a general laugh, which the stranger seemed not to regard ; but nodding his head and flitting his boots with a little rattle, rang the bell with an air of importance, and enquired "if he could have a *weel kitlet* or a *mutton chip* ?"

"What do you think," said Cooke, "of a roasted puppy ? because (taking up the poker) I'll spit and roast you in a minute."

This had a visible effect on the dirty beau, who retreated toward the door.—Cooke following, exclaimed, "Avant and quit my sight : thy face is dirty, and thy hands unwashed : Avant ! I say." Then replacing the poker and returning to his seat, he continued, "having gone, I am myself again."

It happened that Perrens, the noted pugilist, made one of the company this evening : he was a remarkable strong man, and possessed of great modesty and good nature. The last scene took such an effect on his imagination, that he laughed immoderately. Cooke's attention was attracted, and turning toward him with his most bitter look—

"What do you laugh at Mr. Swabson ? hey ? Why you great lubber headed thief, Johnson would have beat two of you ! Laugh at me ! at Cooke ! Come out you scoundrel !"

The coat was again pulled off, and putting himself in an attitude, "this is the arm that will sacrifice you." Perrens was of a mild disposition ; and knowing Cooke's character, made every allowance, and answered him only with a smile ; till aggravated by language and actions the most gross, he very calmly took him in his arms, as though he was a child, let him down in the street, and bolted the door. The evening was wet, and our hero, without coat or hat, unprepared to cope with its inclemency ; but entreaty for admission was vain, and his application at the window unattended to. At length, grown desperate, he broke several panes, and inserting his head through the fracture, bore down all opposition by the following witticism :—

"Gentlemen, I have taken some pains to gain admission ; pray let me in, for I see through my error." The door was opened ; dry clothes procured : and about one o'clock in the morning we ent him home in a coach.

The following letter was written to the Dean of Waterford, by a Widower, the father of six children, under the fictitious name of ELZEVR. The design of it was to invite the Dean and his company to supper, particularly Miss Elizabeth Marshall, a young lady of about eighteen, with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, who lodged in the Dean's study, he having no other place to accommodate her in. As I do not recollect to have seen it printed before, I hope its merit will be a sufficient excuse (if it has) for its appearing again in public.

[OLD COL. GAZETTE.]

Reverend Sir,

I AM told there is a book which lies in your study in sheets ; and, all who have seen it, admire that it should remain so long unbound ; I think it is called Marshall's Epithalamium, or some such name, but lest I should be mistaken in the title I will describe it as well as I can.

It is a fair and beautiful manuscript, the ink very black and shining, on the whitest virgin vellum that can be imagined ; the characters are so nice and delicate as to discover it to be the work of some masterly hand ; and there is such symmetry and exact proportion in all its parts, and its features (if I may so call them) are so just and true, that it puts the reader often to a stand in admiring the beauties of them.

The book has an additional ornament which it did not want, all the margin being flourished with gold ; but that which recommends it more, is, that though it has been written full eighteen years, as I have been informed, yet it is not sullied or stained, inasmuch, that one would think it was never turned over by any man.

The volume itself does not appear to be of any great bulk, and yet I understand it has been valued at thirty thousand pounds : 'tis pity so valuable a piece should ever be lost ; and the way to prevent this, is, by increasing the copies of it. If the author will consent, and you will licence it, I will immediately put it into the press. I have all the necessary apparatus for the purpose, and a curious set of letters, that were never used, but in the impression of one book, and of this too, no more than half a dozen copies ; so that you must imagine they are never the worse for wearing.—For my part I will spare no pains to embellish and adorn the whole, with the most natural and lively figures ; and I shall not despair of producing an edition as beautiful in the eyes of all men, as the dear original is at present in mine. Methinks I could read it with pleasure night and day.

If, therefore, you will do me the favour to let me have your company this evening, and bring this incomparable piece along with you, it will add to the entertainment of every one, but particularly of him who is always with great respect,  
Reverend Sir, Yours, &c. ELZEVR.

Dr. Whitman's Account of the Greek Women.

The Greek women leave the face, which is beautiful and of an oval form, uncovered. Their eyes are black, as are also their eyebrows, to which, as well as to their eyelids, they pay a particular attention, rubbing them over, to bestow on them a deeper hue, with a leaden ore reduced to an impalpable powder, blended with an unctuous matter to give it consistence. Their complexion is generally pale. They wear their hair, which is of a great length, and of a deep shining black, in tresses, and sometimes turned back, in a fanciful way, on the head. In other instances, it hangs loosely down the back, extending to the hips. They are commonly dressed in a pelice of silk, satin, or some other material. They are costly in their attire, in the choice of which they are not attached to any particular colour. On the head they wear a small cap.

The Greek women marry at about the age of fifteen ; they are short-lived. At twenty-five they wrinkle and decay, bearing the appearance altogether of old women. They have fine children, who, however, partake of the palid complexion of the mothers. It is unquestionably to the too frequent use of the warm bath, to which the Greek women are so much habituated, that their very relaxed and debilitated state is to be ascribed ; and this abuse, added to their natural indolence and inaction, as certainly tends to shorten their lives.

A rare feast, as Joe Crap would say.

George Nevil, brother to the great earl of Warwick, at his installation into the archbishopric of York, 1470, made such an excessive feast that it is a wonder how his caterers could think of such great varieties, or where to provide them. Here follows an account of his bill of fare : three hundred quarters of wheat, three hundred and thirty tuns of ale, one hundred and four tuns of wine, one pipe of spiced wine, eighty fat oxen, six wild bulls, one hundred and four weathers, three hundred hogs, three hundred calves, three thousand geese, three thousand capons, three hundred pigs, one hundred peacocks, two hundred cranes, two hundred kids, two thousand chickens, four thousand pigeons, four thousand rabbits, two hundred and four bitterns, four thousand ducks, four hundred hersews, two hundred pheasants, five hundred partridges, four thousand wood cocks, four hundred plovers, one hundred curlews, one hundred quails, one thousand egrets, two hundred rees, above four hundred bucks, does, and roebucks, one thousand five hundred and six venison pasties, four hundred cold venison pasties, one thousand and four hundred dishes of jelly parted, four thousand dishes of plain jelly, four thousand cold custards, two thousand hot custards, three hundred pikes, three hundred breams, eight seal, four porpusses, and four hundred tarts.—The earl of Warwick was steward at this prodigious feast, the earl of Bedford treasurer, the lord Hastings comptroller, with many other noble officers ; servants, one thousand ; cooks, sixty-two ; servants in the kitchen, five hundred and fifteen.



## Selected Poetry.

## The Farewel.

FROM DRAKE'S LITERARY HOURS.

I GO : farewel, my beauteous maid :  
I leave the land belov'd for thee ;  
From Grasner's hills afar convey'd,  
From all that whisper'd joy to me.

Though dear the little native vale,  
To which I turn my lingering feet,  
Though dear the friends who in that dale  
Expect their much-lov'd son to greet ;

Yet will they hear the deep-fraught sigh,  
As shuns his couch the traitor sleep ;  
Yet will they view his languid eye,  
And o'er the love-lorn mourner weep.

Oh ! had you known the gentle maid,  
How soft her accent, mild her air,  
How sweet her dark brown ringlets play'd,  
And trembled on her bosom fair !

Ye could not, Oh, my friends, admire  
Why seeks your son the walk by stealth,  
Why beats the pulse with feverish fire,  
Why fades the purple glow of health.

And must I leave thee, must we part ?  
Ah ! ruthless fortune bids to fly,  
Nor heeds the pang that swells my heart,  
Nor marks the tear-o'erflowing eye.

Yet he : shall sooth the bosom care,  
Shall fondly prompt the tender sigh,  
Shall smiling wave her golden hair,  
And roll her blue voluptuous eye.

Perchance when time hath stol'n away  
Ah few dull years of toil and pain ;  
Ah ! then, perchance, may beam a day,  
To guide me to my love again.

## ON PITY.—By Sheridan.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast,  
Where love has been receiv'd a welcome guest ;  
As wandering saints, poor huts have sacred made,  
He hallows every breast he once has sway'd.  
So when his presence we no longer share,  
Still leaves compassion as a relic there !

Swift was invited by a rich miser, with a large party to dine ; being requested by the host to return thanks at the removal of the cloth, uttered the following grace :

Thanks for this miracle !—this is no less,  
Than to eat manna in the wilderness,  
Where raging hunger reign'd we've found relief,  
And seen that wondrous thing a piece of beef,  
Here chimneys smook, that never smook'd before,  
And we're all ate, where we shall eat no more.

## Variety.

## HARROWGATE SPRINGS.

A lady, who not long since visited Harrowgate Spring, expatiating on the superior efficacy of the Ballston Spa, in order to substantiate her position, added—"the dollars are all left at Ballston." "Yes madam," very gravely replied Mr. Crowley the keeper of Harrowgate, "the healthy leave their dollars at Ballston, and the lame leave their crutches at Harrowgate."

[TROY GAZETTE.]

## A CURIOSITY.

A most wonderful curiosity has lately been sent to J. Schwand, Esq. Portman square, London ; it is a Hawk of a very large size, caught at the Cape of Good Hope : round his neck is a gold collar, of curious workmanship, on which have been discovered the words : "This goodlie Hawke doth belong to his most excellent Majestie James, king of England A. D. 1610." The Hawk still betrays a degree of vigour, and the only symptom of old age discoverable is a dimness of sight, and a change in the colour of the feathers round the neck.

London, Sept. 1792.

Henry IV. of France, asked a lady which was the way to her bed-chamber. To which she sensibly and modestly replied, the only way to my bed-chamber, Sir, is through the Church.

Why is Ireland likely to become one of the richest islands in the universe ? Because her CAPITAL is always DUBLIN.

A blooming young girl of eighteen was lately married in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, in England, to an amorous swain of seventy ; and just as the happy pair were leaving the church, the bride whispering in the parson's ear, facetiously observed, "it will not be long, Sir, before I bring him back again !"

MISS FANNY FLIRT who so wittily complains of the loss of her lace, had better apply to the managers for redress. (Montreal Gazette.)

## HYMENEAL.

Till Hymen brought the love-delighted hour  
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower—  
The world was sad, the garden was a wild ;  
And man, the hermit, sighed till Woman smil'd !

## MARRIED.

In New-Castle, (Me.) Rev. David Thurston, of Winthrop, to Miss Eunice Farley—In Gardiner, (Me.) Jedediah Jewett, Esq. of Pittson, to Mrs. Elizabeth Breed, from Billerica.—In Charlestown, Mr. Joseph Phipps, jun. of C. to Mrs. Mary Bowles, of Medford.—In Boston, Mr. Samuel Hood, to Miss Elizabeth Hall—Mr. Otis Norcross, of Cambridgeport, to Miss Mary-Cunningham Homer, of Boston.

## DIED.

In Newport, Miss Elizabeth Scott, aged 73.—In Warwick, (N. H.) William Greene, Esq. aged 62 ; a respectable citizen and formerly one of the justices of the court of common pleas for Kentucky county : He was a brother to the illustrious General in the American army, of the same name.—On Penobscot-river, Madam Orono, aged 55, relict of Orono, late Chief of the Penobscot tribe of Indians, who died a few years since aged 65 : she retained her natural faculties until a short time before her exit.

## Books &amp; Stationary.

HASTINGS, ETHERIDGE, & BLISS,  
Booksellers & Stationers,No. 8, State-Street, near the Exchange Coffee-House ;  
BOSTON.

KEEP constantly for sale, a general assortment of Books in the various Departments of Literature, which they offer for sale on as liberal Terms as can be had in Boston. Bibles from 5s.3d. to 20 dol. is Watts's Psalms and Hymns of various editions ; Testaments, Psalters, and School Books of every description. Blank Account Books of various qualities, sizes and prices : Also, a general assortment of Printing, Writing and letter paper of various qualities : Quills, Ink-Powder, Ink, Ink-Stands, Sand Boxes, Black and Red Pencils ; Slates and Slate Pencils : Playing, Message, and Compliment Cards, Penknives, Scissors, Razors, and Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes and Soap ; Portable Writing Desks ; Cigars, wholesale, and retail, with a great variety of other articles, too numerous to be particularised.

Said H. E. & B. have impressed the following valuable publications. The Miscellaneous Classics, comprising the entire Works of Pope, Swift, Smollet, Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Sterne, and Fielding. Also, the Columbian Orthographer ; or, Maine Spelling Book, by James Pike. Watts's Psalms and Hymns in miniature ; likewise, Rollins Ancient History of the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Macedonians and Grecians.—Just published, Doddridge's Family Expositor, vol. octavo. It is contemplated by the Publishers to republish all the Works of this celebrated Writer.

Orders for any of the above Works, will be particularly attended to.

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